

delusions laying their
hands upoa
their brothers' throats ?

Supriya

I will stand by you.

Kemankar

I must go away from here.

Supriya

Where ? And for what ?

Kemankar

To foreign lands, I shall
bring
soldiers from outside. For this
con-
flagration cries for blood, to
be
quenched.

Supriya

But our own soldiers are
ready.

Kemankar

Vain is all hope of help from
them,
They, like moths, are already
leaping